THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 27, 1800.

ACCOUNT *of the* ISLAND *of* MALTA.

[From the Volume accompanying Captain Chauchard's Maps, juſt publiſhed.]

MALTA is an iſland between Sicily and the coaſt of Africa, twenty-one miles in length, and ten in breadth. It is very rocky, yielding little corn and wine, but, on the other hand, great quantities of cotton and fruit. The coral-fiſhery on the coaſt is pretty conſiderable. There is but a ſingle ſpring of freſh water on the whole iſland. The language of the country people is bad Arabic, but the inhabitants of the towns ſpeak Italian. Its chief town is Valetta, which is a very ſtrong fortification between two harbours and the caſtle of St. Elmo; it is the reſidence of the Grand Maſter of the iſland of Malta, was built in 1566, and named after the then Grand Maſter, John de la Valette. It contains a great number of convents both for monks and nuns, a tribunal of the inquiſition, and is the ſee of a Biſhop. The number of its inhabitants is computed at twenty thouſand.

The iſland of Malta, with the two ſmaller ones of Gozo and Comieno, belongs to an order of knights inſtituted at the commencement of the twelfth century, at Jeruſalem, by the weſtern Chriſtians, the members of which were at firſt called Knights Hoſpitallers, or Knights of St. John, becauſe it was their duty to attend pilgrims in the hoſpital erected by merchants of Amalfi, together with a chapel conſecrated to St. John. To this duty they ſoon added another, namely,

that of accompanying and protecting pilgrims from the attacks of robbers and enemies; and at length the members of this ſociety were divided into three claſſes, called knights, chaplains, and ſervants at arms. The firſt performed military ſervices, the ſecond executed the eccleſiaſtical functions, and the third took care of pilgrims and of the ſick (amongſt whom at that time was a great number afflicted with leproſy). Being expelled out of Paleſtine, and finally from St. Jean d'Acre, by the Mahometans, they maintained poſſeſſion of the iſland of Cyprus, till the commencement of the thirteenth century, when they were obliged to remove to Rhodes, till, in 1522, they were likewiſe driven from thence by the Turkiſh Emperor Soliman I. After this, they went firſt to Candia, and then partly to Venice, Rome, Viterbo, but principally to Nice, Villa Franca, and Syracuſe in Sicily, till, in 1530, the Emperor Charles V. gave them the iſland of Malta, together with the two ſmaller ones, as a fief of the kingdom of Sicily; whence they are now called Knights of Malta. In this new ſituation, in 1565, they were attacked by a powerful Turkiſh army, which was, however, compelled to retire with great loſs.

The order is divided into eight nations, or tongues, namely that of Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, Germany, Caſtile, and England. Provence had the firſt place, becauſe Gerard, the founder of the order, was of that country. The Engliſh nation, which has been ſeparated from the order ſince 1537, was, in 1781, replaced with the Bavarian, founded by the Elector Charles Theodore. The poſſeſſions of the order, which were greatly increaſed by the ſuppreſſion of the Knights Templars, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, ſuffered a great diminution in thoſe countries which embraced the doctrines of the reformation. Of late years, beſides the Bavarian inſtitution, they obtained an addition by the eſtabliſhment of the grand priory of Oſtrog, in Poland; and, in 1777, the order of St. Anthony, with all its poſſeſſions, was united with that of Malta.

The head of this order is ſtyled Grand Maſter of the Holy Hoſpital of St. John of Jeruſalem, and guardian of the poor of Jeſus Chriſt. By foreign powers he is entitled Altezza Eminentiſſima, and has the rank of a Prince. Next to him the principal officers are the heads of the eight nations. After them come the priors, the chief of whom is the Grand Prior of Germany, who is a Prince of the Empire.

The

The maſters of the order, in Brandenburgh, Saxony, and Pomerania, are in ſome degree ſubject to him.

The knights, properly ſo called, muſt all be of noble extraction. The obligation of the knights to make at leaſt three cruſades againſt the Turks and Barbary corſairs, is not very ſtrictly obſerved. The naval force of the order was, in 1770, compoſed of four gallies, three galliots, four ſhips of 60 guns, a frigate of 36, and ſeveral ſmall veſſels.

The knights follow the rules of the Auguſtines, bind themſelves by a vow to poverty, obedience, and chaſtity (by which, however, in the Maſterſhip of Brandenburg, where the knights are Proteſtants, is not underſtood a ſingle life, but fidelity to the marriage-bed). In time of war they wear a red belt, with a ſilver coloured croſs; but in peace they have a long black cloak, with an eight-cornered white croſs on the left ſide, and one of gold on the breaſt. In 1798, the Knights of Malta gave up that iſland to the French under Bonaparte, on his way to Egypt.

ON BIOGRAPHY.

By Dr. BURNEY.

IT is by ſuch minute degrees that men arrive at that point of eminence which intereſts the public, and awakens general curioſity, that the beginnings of greatneſs paſs unobſerved till they can no longer be diſtinctly ſeen through the blaze of meridian brightneſs. Thus the early events of an illuſtrious character are generally as obſcure and fabulous as the firſt years of an ancient and powerful empire. For biographers, notwithſtanding the title they aſſume, ſeldom draw from the life; nor till an illuſtrious perſonage has been ſome time deceaſed, do enquiry and conjecture begin to buſy themſelves in tracing incidents, deſcribing ſituations, and delineating characters; and hence, by procraſtination, the whole becomes little better than a mere fancy piece.

If it were poſſible, however, to know in detail the youthful exploits of an Alexander or a Cæſar, the firſt poetical effuſions of a Homer or a Virgil, the dawnings of reaſon in a Newton or a Locke, or the primary fermentations and expanſions of genius in a Handel, they would afford great gratification to human curioſity, which delights in ſeeing by what minute gradations, or gigantic ſtrides, men gifted with uncommon powers begin their journey to the temple of fame.

Monumental Inſcriptions in the Church-yard of Littleham, in Devonſhire.

To the EDITOR of THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SIR,

AS I apprehend that it may not be foreign to the deſign of your uſeful miſcellany to perpetuate the memory of departed worth, I entreat your attention to the following monumental inſcriptions.—I am aware that to thoſe eulogiums with which the partiality of ſurvivors decorate the tombs of their deceaſed friends, we are not always to reſort for juſt delineations of character: but I believe a confident appeal may be made to thoſe who had the beſt opportunities of being acquainted with the ſubjects of the following ſketches, whether more than juſtice is done to their virtues.

In the church yard of Littleham, in the county of Devon, a handſome monument, erected to the memory of the late Mr. Eyre, of Exmouth, is thus inſcribed:—

Here reſt in hope of a joyful reſurrection,
The remains of SAMUEL EYRE,
Some time ſince of Newhouſe, in the county of Wilts,
And late of this pariſh, Eſq.
Who died, aged 66, on the 8th day of April, A. D. 1795.
As a Chriſtian, he was punctual in diſcharging the offices of religion,
As a friend, warm, generous, and diſintereſted,
As a magiſtrate, active, upright, and humane.
Impreſſed with a deep ſenſe of the irreparable loſs ſhe has ſuſtained,
Margaret Eyre, his afflicted widow,
Inſcribes this ſtone to his memory.

Another elegant tomb in the ſame church-yard, has the two following inſcriptions:—

Beneath this ſtone are depoſited the remains of
ARCHIBALD HAMILTON FOULKES, Eſq.
An active and impartial magiſtrate of the county of Wicklow, in Ireland.
Who, having on Chriſtian principles, diſcharged the duties
Of huſband, ſon, and friend,
Here reſts, in humble hope of meeting his reward in Heaven,
Obiit 4 June, 1795.

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Here

Here alſo lies the mortal part of
Miſtreſs ELIZABETH DUCARREL,
Widow of Adrian Colteé Ducarrel, Eſq. of the city of London,
And many years reſident in this pariſh;
Who, early in life left a widow, in charge of an infant family,
Conſecrated the reſt of her days to the performance of this duty;
And, with a firmneſs ſuperior to her ſex,
Paſſed through the trying ſcenes of life with credit and reſpect.
Sincere and liberal, ſhe felt for human woe;
And as charity was her leading feature in this life,
So will it plead her cauſe in the next.
She met death as a friend,
February 15, 1796, aged 77.

Littleham church is ſituated in the neighbourhood of that delightful and much frequented village, Exmouth. It was during a viſit to the latter place (after an abſence of five years,) that my ſteps were involuntarily directed to the intereſting and ſequeſtered ſpot, which contains the preceding epitaphs,

" Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap."

While impreſſed by the ſolemnity, and yielding to the ſenſations ſo natural in ſuch a ſcene, ſurrounded by the tombs, and treading, perhaps, on the aſhes of ſome whom I had intimately known in the days of former years, my attention was particularly attracted by the grave of an amiable and lamented girl, with whom I had often and fondly aſſociated in thoſe hours of " careleſs childhood,"

" When the heart danc'd, and life was in its ſpring,"

and which are, not without reaſon, conſidered as the happieſt of our exiſtence. The many virtues which adorned her character, and which were ſo ſoon conſigned to the lowly manſion of mortality, have been commemorated in ſome elegiac lines by one who was well acquainted with her worth. The ſpot where ſhe reſts (under the ſhade of a venerable elm,) is pointed out by a ſmall but neat head-ſtone, on the top of which is repreſented the ſtalk of an opening flower, with one of

of its buds falling, and ſurrounded with this motto, " Dropt in the bud;" then follows the inſcription—

MARY ANN LEE,
Died
December 18, 1795, aged 18.

☞ The tribute of reſpect and affection to the memory of Miſs Lee, in the lines juſt alluded to, are, I believe, to be found in a preceding number of The Weekly Entertainer, under the ſignature of " Calliope."

I am, Sir,
Your's reſpectfully,
J. E.

Poole, September 29, 1800.

Curious Particulars reſpecting the Manners and Cuſtoms of the Welch.

[From Bingley's Tour round North-Wales.]

I Have been told of a ſtrange cuſtom that prevails in ſome parts of North-Wales, which, no doubt, the clergy ſtudy to aboliſh, as much as lays in their power. When any perſon ſuppoſes himſelf highly injured, it is not uncommon for him to repair to ſome church, dedicated to a celebrated ſaint, as Llan Flian, in Anglea, and Clynog, in Caernarvonſhire, and there, as it is termed, to offer his enemy. He kneels down on his bare knees in the church, and offering a piece of money to the ſaint, utters the moſt virulent imprecations, calling down curſes and misfortunes upon the offender and his family for generations to come, all which they have a firm belief will come to paſs. Sometimes inſtead of a church, they repair to ſome of the ſacred wells, that are dedicated to the ſaints. Mr. Pennant mentions his being threatened by a fellow, who fancied he had been injured by him, " with the vengeance of St. Elian, and a journey to his well, to curſe him with effect."

Some of theſe wells are in great repute for the cure of diſeaſes, by means of the interceſſion of the ſaint. The ſaints are alſo applied to when any kind of goods are loſt, and are made the inſtruments of recovering them, or of the thief who had ſtolen them.

Saint George had formerly, in the parish of Abergeley, in Caernarvonshire, his holy well, at which this British Mars had his offering of horses; for the rich were, at certain times, accustomed to offer one, to secure his blessing on all the rest. Saint George was the tutelar saint of those animals; and all that were distempered, were brought to this well, sprinkled with the water, and had this blessing bestowed: *Rhad Duw a Saint Siors arnat;* "the blessing of God and Saint George be on thee."

In the churches, when the name of the Devil occurred, a universal spitting used formerly to seize the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him, by smiting their breasts.

If a *Ffynnon Vair*, or well of our lady, or any other saint was near, the water for baptism was always brought from thence; and, after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of washing their eyes with the water of the font.

Upon Christmas day, about three o'clock in the morning, most of the parishoners assembled in the church, and after prayers and a sermon, continued there singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till it was day-light; and if through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home and carols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the custom is still in some places preserved, but too often perverted into intemperance. This act of devotion is called *pulgen*, or the crowing of the cock. It has been a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly

> ———" At his warning,
> Whether in sea, on fire, in earth, or air,
> The extravagant and erring spirit hies
> To his confine."

But during the holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night: from which undoubtedly originated the Welch word *pulgen*, as applied to this custom. Accordingly Shakespear finely describes this old opinion:

> " Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
> And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad:
> The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike:
>
> No

No fairy takes: no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time."

Their weddings are generally attended with noiſe and riot, being dedicated by the gueſts to little elſe than drinking and ſinging. On the appointed day, as many of the neighbours and friends as can be collected together, attend the couple to church, and from thence, after the ceremony, home again. Here a collection is made amongſt the gueſts, to defray the expences of the occaſion, and frequently to aid in eſtabliſhing the new married couple in the world. At theſe times they are often ſo extravagant, that many of them have literally to ſtarve perhaps for near a month afterwards, in order to make up a ſum they thus fooliſhly expend; and it is from imprudencies of this kind, and the ſmallneſs of their earnings, that the people are kept ſo miſerably poor. In South Wales, previous to their weddings, a herald with a crook, or wand adorned with ribbands, ſometimes makes the circuit of the neighbourhood, and makes his "bidding," or invitation in a preſcribed form. But the knight errand cavalcade on horſeback—the carrying off the bride—the reſcue—the wordy war, in rhyme between the parties, &c. which formed a ſingular ſpectacle of mock conteſt at the celebration of nuptials, is now almoſt, if not altogether laid aſide, throughout every part of the principality.

The funerals are alſo attended by great crowds of people, all the relatives and neighbours of the perſon deceaſed being invited. The cuſtom of the congregation making offerings of money, on theſe occaſions, is I believe peculiar to North Wales, and has no doubt been retained from the Roman Catholic religion, where money was given for ſinging maſs, for the ſoul of the deceaſed. It is now only conſidered as a mark of reſpect paid to the clergyman, for if he is not liked, the offerings are made on the coffin at the door of the houſe where the perſon reſided, and diſtributed among the poor relatives. But when they are made in the church, the morning or evening ſervice for the day is firſt read; the clergyman reading two prayers for the funeral ſervice, and then the general thankſgiving, and the reſt of the ſervice at the altar table. When the prayers are concluded, the next of kin to the deceaſed, comes forward, and puts down ſixpence or a ſhilling, if they are poor; but where they are more opulent, half a crown or a crown, and ſometimes even ſo much as a guinea. This example is followed by the other relatives, and afterwards by the reſt of the congregation

that are able, who advance in turns and offer. After the offering of ſilver is ended, there is a ſhort pauſe, when thoſe who are not able to afford more, come forward and put down each a penny (a halfpenny not being admitted). The collection thus made amounts ſometimes to ten or fifteen pounds, but where the relatives are indigent, to not more than three or four ſhillings. If the relatives are poor, but particularly where a man or woman is left with a number of children, the money is uſually given to them by the clergyman. After the collection is entirely finiſhed, the remainder of the burial ſervice is read, and the awful ceremony is cloſed. The offerings at Llanbublic and Caernarvon are ſaid, upon an average, to amount to ſeventy-five or eighty pounds a year. I have been told, that it is the intention of the clergy of North Wales to aboliſh this cuſtom, if poſſible.

It is uſual in Caernarvonſhire, and ſome other parts of North Wales, for the neareſt female relative of the deceaſed, be ſhe widow, mother, ſiſter or daughter, to pay ſome poor perſon of the ſame ſex, and nearly of the ſame age with the deceaſed, for procuring ſlips of yew, box, and other evergreens, to ſtrew over and ornament the grave, for ſome weeks after the interment; and in ſome inſtances for weeding and adorning it on the eves of Eaſter, Whitſuntide, and Chriſtmas, and ſome other particular days, for a year or two afterwards. The money is given to the perſon on a plate, at the door of the houſe where the body is ſtanding on a bier. The gift is called *diodlys*, for formerly inſtead of it the perſon uſed to receive from the hand of the female relative, a cheeſe with a piece of money ſtuck in it, and ſome white bread, and afterwards a cup of drink; but this practice is now entirely diſcontinued; the gift, however, ſtill retains its old name. When this ceremony was over, the clergyman, or in his abſence, the pariſh clerk ſays the Lord's prayer, after which they proceed with the corpſe. Four of the neareſt of kin take the bier upon their ſhoulders, a cuſtom conſidered as the higheſt reſpect that filial piety can pay to the deceaſed. If the diſtance from the houſe to church is conſiderable, they are relieved by ſome of the congregation, but they again take it, in order to carry it in and out of the church. I have been told, that it is uſual in ſome parts, to ſet down the bier at every croſs way, between the houſe and the church, and again repeat the Lord's prayer, and to do the ſame when they enter the church-yard. They generally ſing pſalms on the way, by which the ſtillneſs of

ruſtic life is often broke into, in a manner finely productive of religious reflections.

In ſome places it was cuſtomary for the friends of the dead to kneel, and ſay the Lord's prayer over the grave for ſeveral Sundays after the interment, and then to dreſs the grave with flowers.

Among the Welch it was reckoned fortunate for the deceaſed, if it ſhould rain while they were carrying him to church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven.

The moſt agreeable Woman in the World!

(Continued from Page 229.)

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

THE pleaſure of complaining is, I believe, never ſo great as when the diſeaſe is cheriſhed, or the cauſe of our griefs conſtitutes a portion of our pride. The glutton glories in his gout; the quarrelſome man in his ſcars; and the wretch who is ruined by any frivolous or vicious purſuit, makes a merit of his poverty and degradation. I too feel that I love and reſpect my wife, though her conduct gives me abundant reaſon to complain. I ſhall continue my narrative without any other preface than that which politeneſs ſuggeſts —a word of thanks for your ready inſertion of my former epiſtle.

We never feel perhaps our own misfortune ſo ſtrongly as when it is contraſted with the good fortune of another. At the time of my marriage, a neighbour of mine, an amiable unambitious man, became the huſband of a young lady, who had long been known in the circle I moved in, as a good ſort of girl, neither pretty nor ugly, tall nor ſhort, and who was never known to have afforded amuſement either by her follies or her accompliſhments to any one of her acquaintance; conſequently, when I married the moſt agreeable girl in the world, I could not help looking with a ſort of contemptuous pity on my poor friend, who had choſen a merely good ſort of a girl. True, he had not to pay for the poſtage of congratulatory letters from his wife's extenſive acquaintance, nor was his honey-moon ſpent in a round of viſiting, or receiving company; but then pride feels no pain, and the moſt agreeable woman in the world, whoſe company every one was eager for, was mine for life. His bride, on the contrary,

after

after receiving or returning the visits of a few friends and acquaintance, quietly declined mixing in large companies, and withdrew from society, unmissed and undesired. Consequently, as Mrs. Pliant existed in crowded parties only, our acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Shadelove entirely ceased, till the solitude of my own fireside (for on my return from the city I was generally too much fatigued to accompany my wife to scenes of dissipation) made me desirous of seeking quiet amusement at the house of my old friend and neighbour, and I resolved to renew the intercourse that had long been at an end.

Accordingly, I called at his door again and again, but for some time the answer was, "My master is not at home, Sir, but *my mistress is;* and every time I heard the conclusion of the sentence I felt an envious pang; and, conscious at the same time that I had in the pride of my heart pitied the tastelessness of my friend's choice, I now thought he might with greater propriety pity the rashness of mine, and I felt as if I could gladly have exchanged my agreeable for his domestic wife.

At last, after repeated trials, I found them both at home, and was admitted; when, as I entered the room, I heard a woman singing an English song, with a voice of great sweetness, and in a style full of taste and expression. Very strange, thought I; this sounds like my wife singing; but on beholding the charmer, I found it was the wife of my friend! and that, stranger still, she was exerting herself to please nobody but her husband!!! At sight of me she arose from the instrument, and pleaded not being used to sing before company, as an excuse for not continuing her song; however, I at last prevailed on her to go on, and was forced to own to myself, that my neighbour's wife could sing as well as mine.

Still, being resolved not to mortify myself, if I could possibly help it, I recollected, and said, coxcomb as I was, that Mrs. Shadelove sung English songs exceedingly well, but that Mrs. Pliant sung Italian. "So should I," replied Mrs. Shadelove, "and nothing else, if I were to follow my own inclinations; but my husband prefers English, therefore I never indulge myself in singing Italian but when he is absent;" "Which," added Mr. Shadelove, "you may suppose I rarely am, as I have such a companion at home, anxious for my return."

Indeed, Mr. Editor, I am neither an envious nor a malignant man, yet I doubt that I gazed on this happy couple with a look similar to that with which the Devil regarded our first

parents: yet no; I do not think Satan is deſcribed as wiping a tear from his eye as I did, while I turned on my heel, humming an opera tune. "It is very extraordinary," cried I, recovering myſelf, "that I ſhould not know Mrs. Shadelove was ſuch a proficient in muſic." "Not at all," replied her huſband; "ſhe has cultivated it in order to increaſe her means of amuſement at home, not to enable her to ſhine abroad. She ſings well enough to pleaſe her huſband, and I believe that is all ſhe deſires."

"Aſtoniſhing!" muttered I, turning a look of reſpectful admiration on the woman I had before conſidered as a dull, unintereſting creature, and methought ſhe was now as lovely as ſhe was amiable—"aſtoniſhing! ſuch talent joined to ſuch modeſty! O Shadelove! you are a happy man! how I envy you!" "Pho! now you joke," cried he, in a tone of incredulity; "you envy me! you, who are allowed to be married to the moſt agreeable woman in the world!" At the ſound of this phraſe, which had ſo fatally miſled me in my choice of a wife, I ſtarted from my ſeat, paced the room in an agony, and recollecting myſelf, looked ſilly, and ſat down again; then gave another turn to the converſation, as ſpeedily as I poſſibly could.

Mrs. Shadelove now ſeated herſelf, and took up her work, the coarſeneſs of which attracted my attention, for I was accuſtomed to ſee none but fine works at home; and I aſked what ſhe was making? "Baby linen for ſome poor women," ſhe replied; "I uſually employ myſelf in this way in an evening, after my own family-work is done."

"I ſuppoſe, then, you cannot make baſkets, boxes, and flowers, and thoſe ſort of things; nor paint tables, ſkreens, &c. for preſents to your acquaintance." "I cannot imagine what you mean," replied ſhe, laughing, "by aſking me ſo ſtrange a queſtion. I learnt to do all theſe things at ſchool; but my acquaintances are few, and thoſe few can afford to buy ornamental furniture of this kind much better than I to make them; and for me, who keep no dreſs company, ſuch things would be uſeleſs."

Mr. Editor, I muſt own to you, I took another haſty walk round the room; for as nobody paints, makes, or ornaments tables, ſkreens, baſkets, trees, &c. ſo well as my wife, all the time ſhe deſigns to ſpend at home is paſſed in making a box for one lady, painting a ſkreen for another, ornamenting a table for a third, while I am forced to pay for the making the plain-work out of the houſe: and if I want a purſe netted, or garters knitted for myſelf, the reply is, "Not yet, Mr. Pliant;

Pliant; I can't make them yet, becauſe I have promiſed Lady this, or Mrs. that, to get her baſket, or her ſkreen, done againſt her next party; and I cannot diſappoint her on any account." Alas! no; ſhe ventures to diſappoint no one but me; and it matters not what I ſuffer, provided ſhe retains her character of the moſt agreeable woman in the world.

While Mrs. Shadelove, on the contrary—Pſhaw! why need I point out the difference? Suffice that, as I am, I truſt, an honourable and pious man, I abſtain from going to my friend's houſe, leſt I ſhould break a commandment, and covet my neighbour's wife. Thus am I deprived of the refuge I had found out from the often irkſome ſolitude of my own houſe, to which I return after the fatigues of buſineſs, and in the ſocial comforts of which I hoped to find an ample reward for the labours of the day:—But, O ſad reverſe of my expectations! no anxious and affectionate wife is there to welcome my return; and my only alternative is to follow her to the ſcenes of diſſipation, with an aching head, worn out ſpirits, and a diſquiet heart, or doze over a book till a thundering rap at the door announces Mrs. Pliant, and diſorders my whole frame, juſt as I have forgotten her and my diſappointment in a ſound ſleep. To be ſure, in this great world, there are other reſources for a man neglected by his wife—but, as I ſaid before, I am a moral and a pious man; and, at preſent, I neither frequent coffee-houſes, gaming-tables, nor keep a miſtreſs: but my provocations are many; and I can only pray not to be led into temptation.

Yet, after all, Mr. Editor, Mrs. Pliant is a moſt faſcinating creature: and when ſhe deſigns to make me feel her power, all my reſentment vaniſhes, and even Mrs. Shadelove is forgotten. A few weeks ago, to my great ſurpriſe, ſhe refuſed of her own accord two invitations, and ſtaid quietly at home with me. Conceive my ſurpriſe and delight! and how tumultuous my felicity became, when, inſtead of yawning and reading novels, as ſhe did when ſhe ſtaid at home before, ſhe ſat down to the inſtrument, ſung unaſked all my favourite ſongs; read to me unaſked my favourite poems; began to net me a purſe of my favourite colours; and ſeemed, in ſhort, as if ſhe only lived to pleaſe me! I believe, had this conduct laſted, I ſhould have been a bankrupt; for I was incapable of tranſacting buſineſs, in ſo delirious a ſtate had this change in my wife's conduct put my ſpirits. I walked about 'Change like a lunatic; and caught myſelf repeating, in a loud voice, ſeveral times—"ſhe certainly is the moſt agreeable woman in the world!" and I hurried home before half

my

my buſineſs was over, that I might enjoy as much as I poſſibly could of a happineſs which I felt was too great to laſt:—O! the engaging creature!—all my paſt reſentments were forgotten. I aſked myſelf whether I had ever been unhappy? The moſt agreeable woman in the world was exerting all her talents to entertain me!—the ſung, played, danced, recited, and *mimicked*—yes, Mr. Editor, with ſhame I confeſs it, ſhe even mimicked Mrs. Shadelove, and I—yes, I laughed! She imitated a ſlight heſitation in that admirable woman's ſpeech, and her awkward manner of entering a room with ſo ludicrous, and at the ſame time ſo juſt a pencil, that again the huſband became the object of my contemptuous pride, and I was baſe enough to own the wife an unpoliſhed dowdy! My conſcience has given me many ſevere twitches ſince; eſpecially when I found that all this love of domeſtic quiet, this ſtudy of and gratification of my taſtes and wiſhes, was aſſumed merely to make me ſtill more devotedly her ſlave, and prepare my mind to allow her to leave me to join a party going to ſpend four months at Brighton.

Well, Mr. Editor, I conſented, and ſhe went; but with her returned not the love of home, the accommodation to my wiſhes that preceded her departure, nor will they, I dare ſay, make their appearance again till the time for going to watering-places returns. Thus am I a moſt miſerable huſband, though I am married to the moſt agreeable woman in the world: but I have two chances for domeſtic happineſs ſtill left me; and ſometimes I pleaſe myſelf with the thought that one of them at leaſt muſt ſucceed.

The firſt is, that my wife reads your Entertainer, and as ſhe has great quickneſs of apprehenſion, I am ſure ſhe will recogniſe herſelf in the character of Mrs. Pliant; and as ſhe alſo has ſenſibility, I am in hopes the picture I have drawn of my ſufferings and diſappointments will produce a ſalutary and laſting contrition in her heart, and a change in her conduct. Want of proper reflection, not of feeling, ſeems the ſource of her errors: for once, when I was for a few days thought in danger of dying by my phyſician, I ſaw her overwhelmed with affliction, and ſhedding tears which ſeemed to ſpring from the bitterneſs of ſelf-reproach and awakened ſelf-examination, as much as from tenderneſs. But perhaps I flatter myſelf, and that this chance is a vain one: well, then, perhaps the other is not. It is this, Mr. Editor: ſhe is now, for the firſt time, likely to become a mother, and maternal feelings may poſſibly pave the way to her entertaining a proper ſenſe of the duties of a wife: but, whether a change

in her conduct be her choice or not, on this change in her ſituation, it may poſſibly be her neceſſity; and either way I ſhall be benefited. Mr. Editor, from all I have ſaid, you will know I am a very tender huſband; yet, upon my honour, I cannot help wiſhing, that my wife's approaching confinement may injure her voice ſo much as to make her incapable of ſinging to any one but me; that it may weaken her ſight ſo much, that the card-playing may be pronounced wholly unproper for her; that it may occaſion a tendency to a pain in the back, which dancing will unavoidably bring on; and an irritability of nerves inconſiſtent with the exertions requiſite in an actreſs.

Mr. Editor, I anticipate my wife's aſtoniſhment and indignation at reading the wiſh expreſſed in the abovementioned paragraph, and hear her exclaim againſt me as a brutal, unfeeling wretch.—But, I would have her know, that the huſband is a good, an affectionate, and a conſcientious huſband, who wiſhes to ſee his wife forced into a fulfilment of her duties, even by means mortifying to her vanity, and painful to her ſenſations. She, perhaps, may ſuppoſe that as her perſon and reputation are both free from ſtain, ſhe is ſufficiently attentive to the main duty of a wife. But I would have her learn, that the married woman, who lives only in a crowd, and who prefers the idle homage of a flattering and giddy multitude to the tender heart-felt praiſe of a grateful and affectionate huſband, commits an adultery of the mind, ſcarcely more pardonable than that of the perſon; and that the appellation of an excellent wife, is a prize far more worth ſtriving for than that of the *moſt agreeable woman in the world*.

Mrs. Pliant is juſt returned from ſeeing the new Panorama, repreſenting Ramſgate. She is full of the beauties of it; and ſays, what a charming place Ramſgate muſt be!—She is not going out to day, and means to ſtay at home all the week. She has brought home ſome new ſongs to ſing to me, which ſhe is ſure I ſhall like, as they are quite in my ſtyle. And ſhe has taken up the purſe again which ſhe began laſt year—and ſhe is ſo lively and entertaining, and I am ſo happy! I know this happineſs will not laſt; but at preſent I—O! Mr. Editor, let me haſten to conclude, and ſend away this letter, while my head is not quite turned by the wiles of this Circe; for, indeed, there is no doubt of her being the moſt agreeable woman in the world.—I remain,

Your obedient humble ſervant,

PAUL PLIANT.

P. S. I uncloſe my letter to ſay, that I have conſented to my wife's joining a party to Ramſgate.——*Mem.* To be ſure to ſend your Entertainer after her, if you inſert this letter.

Anecdote of the Archbiſhops Tillotſon and Sancroft.

IN 1694 the church of England ſuſtained a great loſs in the ſudden death of its metropolitan, Archbiſhop Tillotſon, a prelate who, in a very difficult and critical ſituation, had conducted himſelf with great wiſdom, temper, and moderation. He had a clear head, with a tender and compaſſionate heart, and like his celebrated predeceſſor, Cranmer, was a faithful and zealous friend, but a gentle, generous, and placable adverſary. He was ſucceeded in his high office by Dr. Tenniſon, Biſhop of Lincoln, a man highly reſpectable for underſtanding, piety, and candour. Sancroft, the deprived metropolitan, had died ſome months before Tillotſon, greater in his village retirement of Scanding, than on his archiepiſcopal throne; which he appeared, in the times in which he lived but ill qualified to fill. Though he could never conſcientiouſly take the oaths to the new government, he diſcovered nothing of a factious or ſeditious ſpirit, and abſtained from whatever had a tendency to violate the public peace. In a conference, which during his laſt illneſs, we are told he held with one of his confirming chaplains, it ſeems evident that he died in charity with all men. "You and I," ſaid the dying prelate, "have gone different ways in theſe late affairs; but I truſt Heaven's gates are wide enough to receive us both. What I have done I have done in the integrity of my heart; indeed in the great integrity of my heart."

REFLECTIONS.

IT is a ſoleciſm in ſpeech to ſay we have a fortune, unleſs we have a capacity to enjoy it; or that we poſſeſs a ſufficiency, if we can ſpend it.

Be brief in converſation; be ſpirited likewiſe. Sir Richard Steele recommends the uſe of a mathematical ſieve, to ſift all ſuperfluities from diſcourſe and writing.

Induſtry is often imitated. Doing what ought not to be done, or doing what ought to be done, precipitately, cannot be called induſtry: it is only the active ſtate of ſloth.

The EDUCATION *of a* COW.

A Gentleman riding near his own houſe, in Ireland, ſaw a cow's head and fore feet appear at *the top of a ditch*, through a gap in the hedge by the road's ſide; at the ſame time he heard a voice alternately threatening and encouraging the cow. The gentleman rode up cloſer to the ſcene of action, and he ſaw a boy's head appear behind the cow. "My good boy," ſaid he "that's a fine cow." "Oh faith! that ſhe is," replied the boy, "and I'am *teaching* her to get *her own living*." The gentleman afterwards found that a cow's adroitneſs in jumping acroſs ditches and getting through fences was termed *getting her own living*. As ſoon as a cow's *education* is finiſhed, ſhe may be ſent looſe into the world to provide for herſelf, turned to graze in the pooreſt paſture, ſhe will be *able and willing* to live on the fat of the land.

Anſwer, by J. M. Jun. of Poole, to J. B. M.'s Rebus, inſerted July 28.

YOUR rebus, Sir, to me at ſight
Appear'd a little queer;
POOLE is the town, if I am right,
You mean in Dorſetſhire.

*** We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, of Exeter; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway volunteers; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Ball, jun. and N. Knott, of Taunton; R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; G. England, of Uplyme; William Brock, of Evercreech; R. Champion, near Caſtle Cary; J. R. Toulmin; and Philom. of Teingmouth.

A CHARADE, *by E. Sherman, of Cornwood.*

MY firſt good land in plenty moſt doth yield,
According to the goodneſs of the field;
And of the creatures that the ſame produce,
'Tis ſent and made on purpoſe for our uſe.
If you'd my ſecond find, I do declare,
Go to the ſea, you'll ſurely find it there.
My whole on tables moſtly may be ſeen,
At meal times ſet before the King and Queen.
And I will lay with you one ſingle ſous,
That you have got me now in your own houſe.

A QUESTION, *by W. W. of Dunſter.*

There's quack in lore, ſuch quacks there are
Who frequent make the vulgar ſtale;
But take this for a ſtanding rule,
They're often turn'd to ridicule.

As once I ſpent ('tis not long back)
An hour or ſo, with plumber Jack,
He talk'd of pumps, in terms of art,
And ſome there were that thought him ſmart.
In pipes or engines he well knew
No one alive could him outdo.
'Bout caſting of the melted ore
He made the room to roar and roar.
Quite ſpent in boaſting of himſelf
He ſat in ſilence like an elf.

Old Peter Treadwell then aroſe,
And to poor Jack did thus propoſe,
To make a ciſtern, content below,
Together with its thickneſs too.
Its weight in pounds exact to be
Three hundred fifty to a T.

This nettled Jack, and made him ſwear,
That he could do it to a hair.
To work he went, and in ſhort time
He made one in content to chime.
But when he weigh'd the ductile ore
He found its weight near nineteen ſcore.
Again he try'd to make all right,
But ſtill in vain: Alas! poor wight!
He now declares his efforts vain;
Old Treadwell laughs, and ſays the ſame.

Ye gents. that know Fluxonia's art,
The three dimenſions pray impart,
And Jack will treat with all his heart.

Content, 100 Wincheſter buſhels; thickneſs of the ſheet lead one twentieth of an inch; the weight of a ſolid inch of lead, 6,553,885 ounces, and the ſuperficial internal area to be a minimum—in which caſe it will weigh the above number of pounds.

POETRY.

TO THE WILD BROOK.

UNHEEDED emblem of the mind!
When weeping twilight's ſhadows cloſe,
I wander where thy mazes wind,
And watch thy current as it flows:
Now dimpling, ſilent, calm, and even;
Now brawling as in anger driven;
Now ruffl'd, foaming, madly wild,
Like the vex'd ſenſe of ſorrow's helpleſs child.

Beſide thy ſurface now I ſee,
Reflected in thy placid breaſt,
Fluſh'd ſummer's painted progeny,
In ſmiles and ſweets redundant dreſt;
They flaunt their forms of varying dye,
To greet thee, as thou paſſeſt by;
And bending ſip thy ample wave,
And in its lucid lapſe their boſoms lave.

While on thy tranquil breaſt appears,
No freezing gale, no paſſing ſtorm,
The ſun-beam's vivid luſtre cheers,
And ſeems thy ſilv'ry bed to warm:
The thronging birds, with am'rous play,
Sweep with their wings thy glitt'ring way;
And o'er thy banks fond zephyr blows,
To dreſs with ſweets the ſmalleſt flow'r that grows.

But when deſtroying blaſts ariſe,
And clouds o'erſhade thy with'ring bounds,
When ſwift the eddying foliage flies,
And loud the ruthleſs torrent ſounds;
Thy dimpling charms are ſeen no more,
Thy minſtrel's carroll'd praiſe is o'er;
While not a flow'ret, ſunny-dreſt,
Courts the chill'd current of thy alter'd breaſt.

Such is the human mind! ſerene
When fortune's glowing hour appears;
And lovely as thy margin green,
Are buds of hope, which fancy rears:
Then adulation, like the flow'r,
Bends, as it greets us on our way;
But, in the dark and ſtormy hour,
Leaves us, unmark'd, to trace our troubled way!

LAURA MARIA.

Auguſt 3, 1799.

The

The VILLAGE CHURCH.

[From Dr. James Hurdis's Favourite Village.]

SAY, ancient edifice, thyſelf with years
Grown grey, how long upon the hill has ſtood
Thy weather-braving tower, and ſilent mark'd
The human leaf in conſtant bud and fall?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often haſt thou ſeen them paſs away?
How often has thy ſtill ſurrounding ſward
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And clos'd upon them all! Thy during fane,
How often has it ſhed the dew of grace
On the mute infant, and receiv'd him ſoon
A coffin'd elder, ſilver lock'd with age?
Oh tell me, reverend ſtructure, what events
Of awful import on the tide of time
Have floated by thee, as the bubble vain?
What armies on that diſtant hill engag'd,
To leave thoſe ſcars of war upon its brow?
What blood was ſhed and why, and where ſleep now
The wrathful combatants of either hoſt?
Saws'ſt thou the hill its hungry entrails ope
To ſwallow the pale dead, which reaſon deems
Beneath the ſtill ſward ſlumber of yon mounts?
Princes and peoples (wouldſt thou make report)
Armies and fleets, haſt thou ſeen paſs away
Tranſient as vapour, and in thy eſteem
All things are yeſterday and recent change.
Speak, thou ſage preacher, and to make me wiſe,
Tell but that ancient ſecret, where ſleeps now
He, who thy aiſles deſign'd, or they who built?
" Deep, deep in earth—nor ſhall thy life ſuffice
" The mingled generations to remove,
" Whoſe bones and aſhes have envelop'd their's.
" Theſe my profound and monitory bell
" All to their ſtill graves ſummon'd, as it calls
" Now to his narrow, everlaſting couch,
" Yon village's departed! Aſk no more!
" Ere long I toll for thee! Away—Prepare!"

SONNET *to* DELIA.

AH! once I thought this boſom that ſo much
Had throbb'd with varied pangs, at length waſt ſteel'd
By ſullen apathy, nor more would yield
To ſenſibility's impreſſive touch.
But when thy melting glance my ſoul return'd,
Tumultuous heav'd grief's agonizing ſigh,
Unbidden tears then ſtarted in my eyes,
And love, ſoft tyrant, his loſt power reſum'd.
But yet thoſe woes with which my ſoul is fraught
I ſcarce regret; now ſwell within my mind
Thoſe ſympathies that glow for human kind;
Which erſt thy charms mild beaming radiance taught:
Then let philanthrophy with love combine,
And round my throbbing heart in ſocial wreaths entwine.

ORLANDO.